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BAND OF HOPE Melodies :

ADAPTED TO

BAND OF HOPE, CADET.

And other Temperance Meetings.

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IN TWO PARTS.

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NEW YORK :

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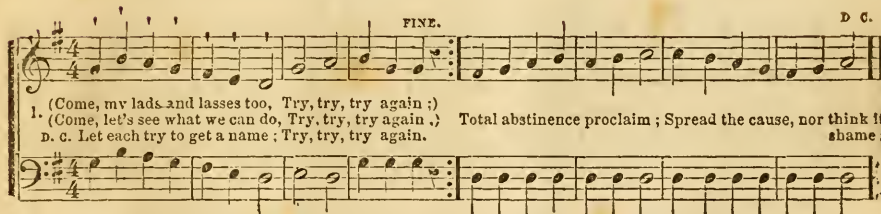
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# THE BAND OF HOPE SONG BOOK.

## TRY AGAIN.

FINE.

D. C.



1. (Come, my lads and lasses too, Try, try, try again ;)

1. (Come, let's see what we can do, Try, try, try again. )

D. C. Let each try to get a name ; Try, try, try again.

Total abstinence proclaim ; Spread the cause, nor think it  
shame ;

Show your courage—never tire

Try, try, try again,

Let the "cause" your heart inspire,

Try, try, try again ;

Raise your banner, raise it high,

For recruits then loudly cry ;

They will muster by and by,

Try, try, try again,

If at first your luck be bad,

Try, try, try again ;

Good success will soon be had,

Try, try, try again ;

What if a repulse you yet,

Persevere, you'll prosper yet,

Then your toil you'll not regret,

Try, try, try again.

List as many as you can,

Try, try, try again ;

On the safe teetotal plan,

Try, try, try again ;

That our army may embrace

Every member of our race,

Emptying the drunkard's place.

Try, try, try again.

## THE TEMPERANCE BAND OF HOPE.—RADIANCE.

Words and Arranged by Rev. H. B. GOWEN.

1. Temp'rance here in praise of thee, Join our Band, join our Band; Songs wesing so glad and free, join our Temp'rance  
 1. Joyfully the pledge we take, Join our Band, join our Band; Temp'rance ways we'll ne'er forsake, join our, &c.

## CHORUS.

Band.) Firm and true be our Band, True be our Band, Firm and true be our Band, Temp'rance Band of Hope.

2. Dark and dangerous is the way—  
 Join our Band, join our Band;  
 When you once begin to stray,  
 Join our Temp'rance Band.  
 They who would be truly free—  
 Join our Band, join our Band;  
 Must the first temptation flee,  
 Join our Temp'rance Band.  
 CHORUS.—Firm and true, &c.

8. Young are we and feeble too,—  
 Join our Band, join our Band;  
 Yet there's work that we can do:  
 Join our Temp'rance Band:

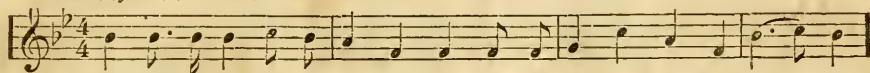
- In the holy Book we read,—  
 Join our Band, join our Band;  
 Little hands may lions lead,—  
 Join our Temperance Band.  
 CHORUS.—Firm and true, &c.

4. In our Saviour's name we go,—  
 Join our Band, join our Band;  
 He will needful aid bestow:  
 Join our Temp'rance Band.  
 Haste we on, a rescued host,—  
 Join our Band, join our Band.  
 To reclaim the thousands lost,  
 Join our Temp'rance Band.  
 CHORUS.—Firm and true, &c.

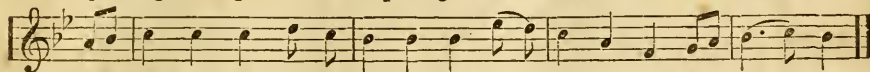
# SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

3

Words by Mrs. S. B. DANA

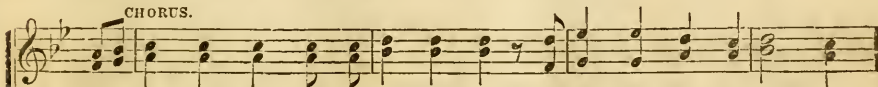


1. Sparkling and bright, in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glas - ses;

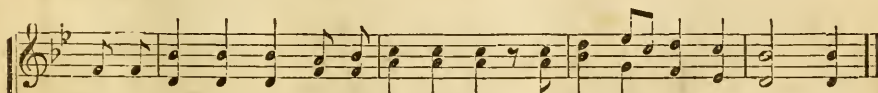
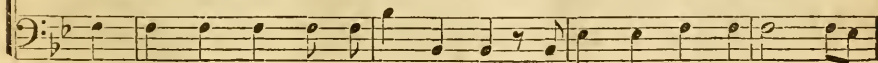


'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ros - y las - ses.

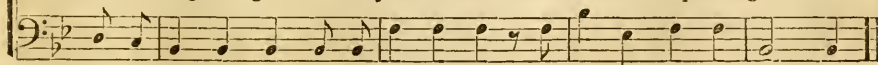
## CHORUS.



O then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and daughter,



There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.



2. Better than gold is the water cold,  
From the crystal fountain flowing:  
A calm delight both day and night,  
To happy homes bestowing.

CHORUS — O then resign, &c.

3. Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled—  
Of the weeping wife and mother.  
They've given up the poisoned cup,  
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

CHORUS. O then resign, &c.

## AWAY THE BOWL.

1. { Our youth ful hearts with temp'rance burn, A - way, a - way, the bowl ; }  
 { From dram shops all our steps we turn, A - way, a - way, the bowl ; }

Fare well to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecups boasted charms,

A - way the bowl, a - way the bowl, a - way, a - way the bowl.

2. See how the staggering drunkard reels,

Away, away the bowl.

Alas ! the misery he reveals ;

Away, away the bowl.

Farewell to rum and all its harms,

Farewell the wine-cups boasted charms

**Away** the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

3. We drink no more, nor buy, nor sell,

Away, away the bowl !

The tippler's offers we repel,

Away, away the bowl.

United in a temperance band,

We're joined in heart, we're joined in band,

**Away** the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

# PROHIBITORY SONG.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. From eve-ry fer-tile prai-rie, From forest spreading wide, From town and crowded

ci-ty, From eve-ry riv-er side, Hark! how the shout is ris-ing! One

u-ni-ver-sal strain—Hurrah for Pro-hi-bi-tion! Give us the law of Maine.

2. Too long the licensed dealer  
His liquid fire has sold;  
Too long have we been burdened  
That system to uphold!  
No longer will we bear it;  
Blot out the damning stain  
From all of New-York's statutes,  
Give us the Law of Maine.

3. "How long, O Lord?" the orphan  
And mourning widow cry:  
"How long?" the worse than widow,  
With upraised tearful eye,  
The would-be-sober drunkard,  
Who would, but can't refrain,  
Sighs, "Oh! for Prohibition,  
Give me the Law of Maine."



## THE TEMPERANCE MILLENIUM.

CHORUS.—Rejoice, &amp;c.

1. Re - joice, re - joice, the temp'rance cause ad-vane - es, Re - joice, re -  
 2. Re - joice, re - joice, our number fast in - creas - es, Re - joice, re -  
 3. Re - joice, re - joice, the temp'rance banners wav - ing, Re - joice, re -

FINE.

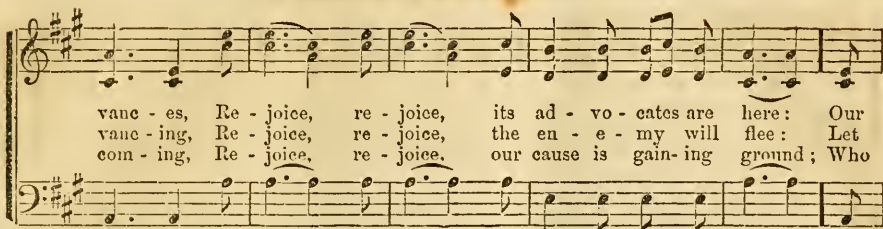
- joice, its ad - vo - cates are here; The old, the young, all join in one To  
 - joice, the vic - to - ry is ours; We in the distance now can see Thou-  
 - joice, the fire - men have come; They've signed the pledge of li - ber - ty, And

aid the cause of temp'rance on. Re - joice, re - joice, the temp'rance cause ad-  
 sands who say they will be free. Re - joice, re - joice, our cause is still in-  
 joy - ful shout we're free, we're free. Re - joice, re - joice, for more will soon be

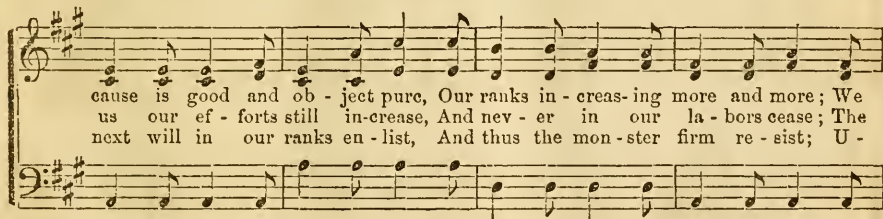


# THE TEMPERANCE MILLENIUM. CONCLUDED.

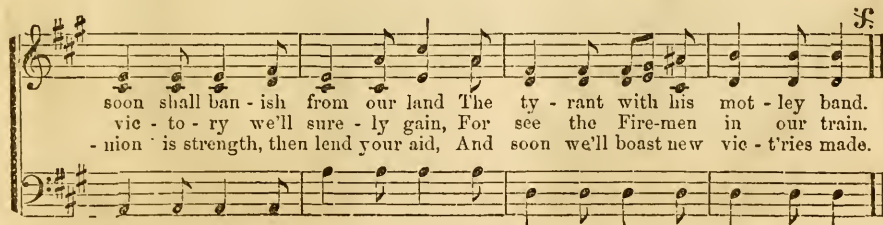
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vanc - es, Re - joice, re - joice, its ad - vo - cates are here: Our  
 vanc - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the en - e - my will flee: Let  
 com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, our cause is gain - ing ground; Who



cause is good and ob - ject pure, Our ranks in - creas - ing more and more; We  
 us our ef - forts still in - crease, And nev - er in our la - bors cease; The  
 next will in our ranks en - list, And thus the mon - ster firm re - sist; U -



soon shall ban - ish from our land The ty - rant with his mot - ley band.  
 vic - to - ry we'll sure - ly gain, For see the Fire - men in our train.  
 - mion is strength, then lend your aid, And soon we'll boast new vic - t'ries made.

## THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Be - fore all cau - ses, east or west, I love the temp'rance cause the best—I

love its cheerful greetings ; I love the tales the speakers tell, The songs we sing while

e - choes swell At our cold wa - ter meet - ings, At our cold-wa - ter meet - ings.

2. Before all laws, of east or west,  
I count the law of love the best ;  
Its accents, mildly spoken,  
Will harmless make the poisoned bowl,  
Bind up the wounded, and control  
The heart that's almost broken.

3. Before all people, east or west,  
I love the temperance men the best,  
I love their noble spirit,

In generous deeds, not words they deal ;  
They have at heart the poor man's weal ;  
All praise their efforts merit.

4. To all the world I give my hand,  
My heart is with that noble band,  
Cold-water army brothers.  
God speed and prosper every plan  
That strives to bless poor sinful man ;  
But tis before all others !

# GO, GO, THOU THAT ENSLAV'ST ME.

9

Words by Mrs. J. H. A.

AIR.—*Thou, thou reignst in this Bosom.*

1. Go, go, thou that en-slav'st me, Now, now, thy power is o'er;

Long, long, have I o-beyed thee, Now I'll not drink a-ny more.

No, no, no, no, Now I'll not drink a-ny more.

2. Thou, thou, bringest me ever  
Deep, deep, sorrow and pain,  
Then, then, from thee I'll sever,  
Now I'll not serve thee again.  
No, no, no, no,  
Now I'll not serve thee again.
3. Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,  
Home, friends, pleasures so sweet,  
Now, now, forever I've left thee.

Thou and I never shall meet  
No, no, no, no,  
Thou and I never shall meet.

4. Joys, joys, bright as the morning,  
Now, now, on me will pour;  
Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning,  
Now I'll not drink any more.  
No, no, no, no,  
Now I'll not drink any more.

## TEMPERANCE CALL.

1. Children all, both great and small, Answer to the temp'rance call; Ma-ry, Marg'ret, Jane and Sue,  
2. No strong drinks shall pass our lips. He's in danger who but sips. Come, then, children, one and all,

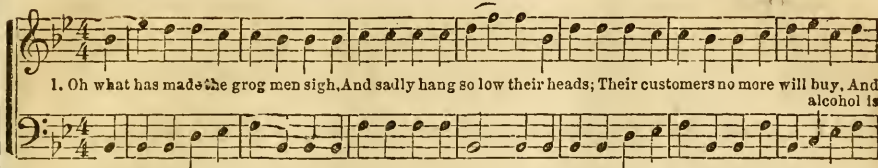
## CHORUS.

Charlotte, Ann and Fanny too, Cheer-i-ly, heart-i-ly come a-long, Sign our pledge and sing our song.  
Answer to the temp'rance call; Cheeri-ly, read-i-ly come a-long, Sign our pledge and sing our song.

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| <p>3. Where's the boy that would not shrink<br/>From the bondage of strong drink?<br/>Come then, Joseph, Charles and Tom,<br/>Henry, Samuel, James and John;<br/>Cheerily, eagerly come along,<br/>Sign our pledge and sing our song.</p> <p>4. Who have mis'ry, want and wo?<br/>And who to the bottle go.<br/>We resolve their road to shun,<br/>And in temp'rance paths to run.<br/>Cheerfully, manfully come along,<br/>Sign our pledge and sing our song.</p> | <p>5. Good cold water does for us;<br/>Costs no money, makes none worse;<br/>Gives no bruises; steals no brains;<br/>Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains.<br/>Readily, joyfully come along,<br/>Sign our pledge and sing our song.</p> <p>6. Who would life and health prolong?<br/>Who'd be happy, wise and strong?<br/>Let alone the drunkard's bane,<br/>Half-way pledges are in vain.<br/>Cheerfully, joyfully, you and you,<br/>Sign the pledge and keep it too.</p> |
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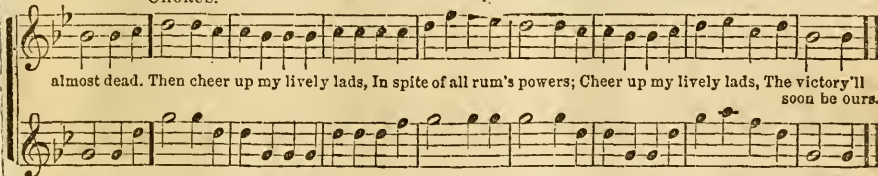
# CHEER UP, MY LIVELY LADS.

11



1. Oh what has made the grog men sigh, And sadly hang so low their heads; Their customers no more will buy, And  
alcohol is

## CHORUS.



almost dead. Then cheer up my lively lads, In spite of all rum's powers; Cheer up my lively lads, The victory'll  
soon be ours.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. They say that every dog's his day.<br/>And they've had theirs and more beside,<br/>I guess the sun forgot to pay<br/>His visit round the other side.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> <p>3. But now, I think, we'll take our turn,<br/>And as they often made us blue.<br/>Their Brandy, Rum and Gin we'll burn,<br/>And see if that won't look so too.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> <p>4. Hurrah, my lads, we're coming on,<br/>They're shaking now within their shoes,<br/>The rum heads now most all are gone,<br/>They soon will have no more to lose.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> <p>5. We're building forts all round the town,<br/>And guns in plenty we have got;<br/>We'll batter all the rum holes down,<br/>For only turn coats aim the shot.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> | <p>6. Then shout, my lads, give three loud cheers,<br/>Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, away.<br/>The rascal's dead, we'll shed some tears,<br/>But that we'll do some other day.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> <p>7. The ladies all will to a man,<br/>Turn out and help us onward too;<br/>And every one do all she can,<br/>To help the noble cause quite through.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> <p>8. The grog men think that we are weak,<br/>And that our feeble bands are few,<br/>In thunder tones we soon will speak:<br/>Ten thousand in each hardy crew.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> <p>9. They've stood their ground quite long enough,<br/>Now corporal gin and captain rum<br/>And every other nasty stuff,<br/>Will shortly have to cut and run.<br/>CHORUS. Then cheer, &amp;c.</p> |
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## UP FOR THE RIGHT!

Words by J. P. PRALL.

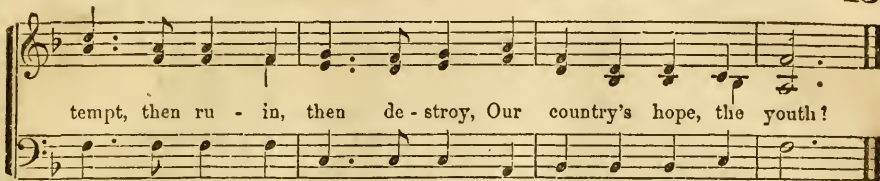
TUNE.—"Auld Lang Syne."

1. Up for the Right! God's high de-cree, Im-mov-a-ble and strong, Land-

-mark and bea-con on the sea Of con-flict with the wrong.

Let not the gild-ed den de-coy The pure from paths of trath! First





2. Protection to our Altars send,  
 Stay the Destroyer's hand;  
 Our sons, our sires, our hopes defend—  
 God by your side shall stand.  
 When will this moral carnage cease,  
 And slaughtered wrecks of men,  
 Of homes, of fortunes, and of peace,  
 Rise up to life again!

3. On then, ye champions of the Right!  
 Ye men of courage true;  
 Keep *Prohibition's* goal in sight—  
 No backward step for you!  
 No more shall tears of blood be shed  
 For licensed death, and woes!  
 Down with the trade—forever down!  
 Though demons may oppose.

#### VIRTUES OF COLD WATER.—Auld Lang Syne.

1. Shall e'er cold water be forgot,  
 When we sit down to dine?  
 O no, my friends, for is it not  
 Pour'd out by hands divine?  
 Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends,  
 Pour'd out by hands divine:  
 From springs and wells it gushes forth,  
 Pour'd out by hands divine.

2. I've seen the bells of tulips turn,  
 To drink the drops that fell  
 From summer clouds; then why should not  
 The two lips of a belle?  
 The two lips of a belle, my friends,  
 The two lips of a belle—  
 What sweetens more than water pure  
 The two lips of a belle?

3. The sturdy oak full many a cup  
 Doth hold up to the sky,  
 To catch the rain, and drinks it up,  
 And thus the oak gets high;  
 'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,  
 'Tis thus the oak gets high,  
 By having water in their cups,  
 Then why not you and I?

4. Then let cold water armies give  
 Their banners to the air!  
 So shall the boys, like oaks, be strong,  
 The girls, like tulips, fair:  
 The girls, like tulips, fair, my friends,  
 The girls, like tulips, fair:  
 The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,  
 The girls, like tulips, fair.—PIERPONT

I. B. WOODBURY.

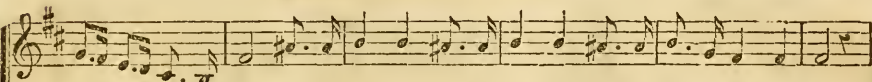
SPIRITED.

1. Onward, on-ward! band vic-to-rious, Rear the temp'rance banner high; Thus far had your course been  
 2. Onward, on-ward! songs and prais-es Ring to heaven's topmost arch, Whereso-e'er your standard  
 3. To the vend-er and dis-till-er Thunder truth with startling tone; Swell the accents, louder.

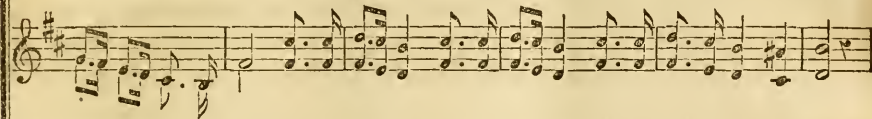
glorious, Now your day of triumph's nigh. Vice and er-ror flee be-fore you, As the  
 rais-es, And your conquering legions march! Gird the temp'rance ar-mor on you, Look for  
 shrill-er, Make their guilt e-normous known. On-ward, on-ward! nev-er fal-ter, Cease not

# ONWARD! ONWARD! BAND VICTORIOUS.—CONCLUDED

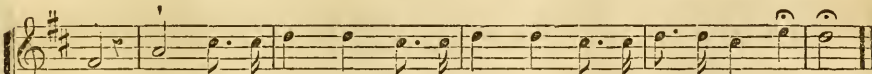
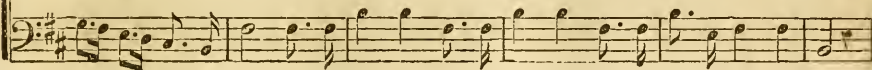
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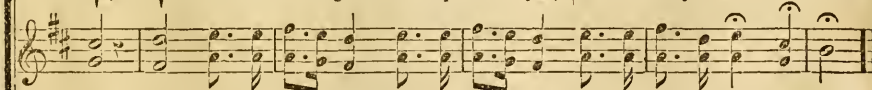
dark-ness flies the sun; Onward, vic-t'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the bat-tle will be won!  
guid-ance from a - bove; God and an - gels smile up-on you, Hast-en then your work of love!



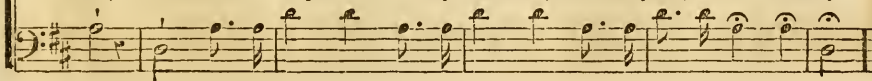
till the earth is free; Swear on Temp'rance ho - ly al - tar, Death is yours, or vic - to - ry!



Yes, Yes! Onward! vic-t'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the bat-tle will be won!  
Yes, Yes! God and an - gels smile up-on you, Hast-en then your work of love!



Yes, Yes! Swear on Temp'rance ho - ly al - tar, Death is yours, or vic - to - ry!



## TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

Words by Mrs. J. H. A.

AIR.—*Long, long ago.*

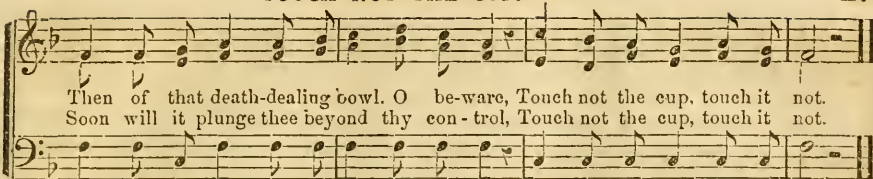
1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;  
 2. Touch not the cup, when the wine glistens bright, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;

Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from the bowl, Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 Though like the ru - by it shines in the light, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Little they thought that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,  
 The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deeply the poi-son will en-ter thy soul,

## TOUCH NOT THE CUP. CONCLUDED.

17



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| <p>3. Touch not the cup, young man in thy pride,<br/>         Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;<br/>         Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,<br/>         Touch not the cup, touch it not.<br/>         Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,<br/>         Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,<br/>         Think, that perhaps thou may'st share in their<br/>             doom,<br/>         Touch not the cup, touch it not.</p> | <p>4. Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop,<br/>         Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;<br/>         All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop,<br/>         Touch not the cup, touch it not.<br/>         Stop! for the home that to thee is so near,<br/>         Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear,<br/>         Stop! for thy country, the God that you<br/>             fear,<br/>         Touch not the cup, touch it not.</p> |
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O! WATER, BRIGHT WATER.—TUNE.—“*Lilly Dale*.”

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| <p>1. Some love to drink from the foamy brink,<br/>         Where the wine drop's dance they see;<br/>         But the water bright, in its silver light,<br/>         And a crystal cup for me.<br/>         O! water, bright water! pure, precious, free!<br/>         Yes; 'tis water bright, in its silver light,<br/>         And a crystal cup for me.</p> <p>2. O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,<br/>         'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow;<br/>         There's health in the tide, and there's music<br/>             beside<br/>         In the brooklet's bounding flow.<br/>             O! water, &amp;c.</p> <p>3. As pure as Heaven is the water given<br/>         'Tis forever fresh and new;</p> | <p>Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,<br/>         In the shower and the gentle dew.<br/>             O! water, &amp;c.</p> <p>4. Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll<br/>             seek,<br/>         For the worn rock owns its sway;<br/>         And we're borne swift along, by its wing so<br/>             strong,<br/>         When it rises to fly away.<br/>             O! water, &amp;c.</p> <p>5. There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,<br/>         When the loud, stormy wind doth blow;<br/>         And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,<br/>         As it leaps to the depths below.<br/>             O! water, &amp;c.</p> |
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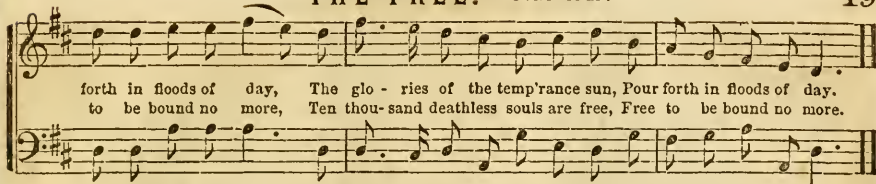
## THE FREE.

1. A shout, a shout from sea to sea; A song from shore to shore. The chain is riven, the slave is free,  
 2. A shout, a shout of tri-umph now, The vic-to-ry is ours; Not gained by sword, nor bat-tle bow,

Free to be bound no more, The chain is riven, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more. A  
 But love's su-pe-rior pow-ers. Not gained by sword, nor bat-tle bow, But love's su-pe-rior pow-ers.

shout, a shout, the night is gone. The clouds have passed away, The glo-ries of the temp'rance sun, Pour  
 shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore, Ten thousand deathless souls are free, Free



TEMPERANCE HYMN FOR NEW YEAR.—TUNE.—“*Hail Columbia*”

- 1 Hail! The New Year Jubilee,  
Hail! our nation still is free!  
Raise we all our cheerful voice,  
And in thankful songs rejoice;  
Join we then with sweet accord.  
Praise we now our common Lord.

May we now our joys express?  
While heav'n deigns our land to bless,  
Guards our rights, prolongs our days,  
God is worthy of all praise.  
Let us praise; for it is meet,  
Pay our homage at his feet.

- 2 Sons of freedom, all rejoice!  
We again lift up our voice,  
Make the upper regions ring,  
With the tribute which we bring,  
All united, we agree,  
Hail! The New Year Jubilee.  
Sing aloud! 'tis heaven's due,  
Sing we in the spirit too.  
Lo! our country still is free,  
May she thus forever be!  
May her youthful patriots, we,  
Hail our nation's Jubilee.

THE BAND OF HOPE.—TUNE.—“*The days when we went Gipsying*”

1. Come all ye children, sing a song,  
Join with us heart and hand;  
Come make our little party strong.  
A happy temperance band;  
We cannot sing of many things,  
For we are young, we know,  
But we have signed the temperance pledge  
A short time ago!
2. The band of hope shall be our name,  
The temperance star our guide;  
We will not know the drunkard's shame,  
The drunkard's drink avoid.

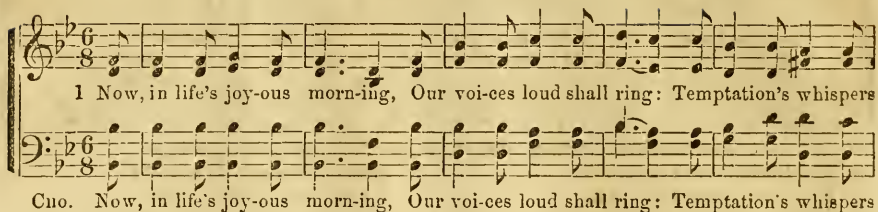
Cold water cannot do us harm,  
Strong drink may bring us woe,  
So we have signed the temperance pledge  
A short time ago.

3. We'll ask our fathers too to come  
And join our happy band  
True temperance makes a happy home,  
And makes a happy land.  
Our mothers we are sure to gain,  
And all our sisters too,  
For we have signed the temperance pledge  
A short time ago.

## PURE WATER BE OUR CRY.

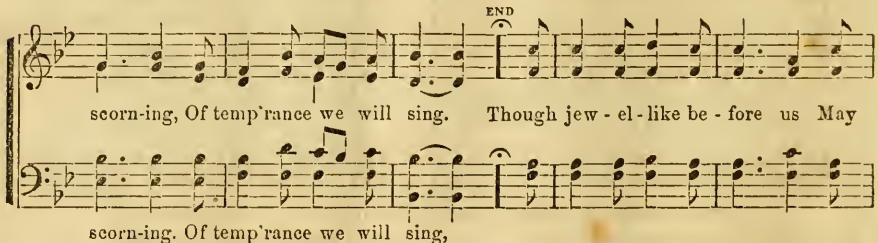
"FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE." From the GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



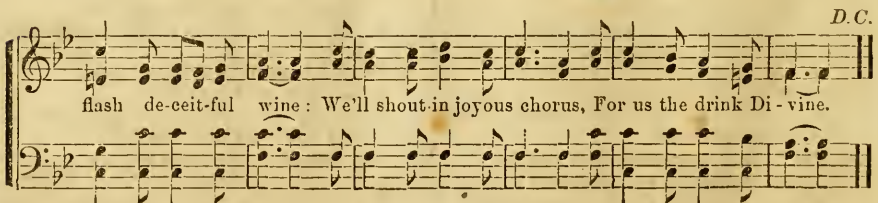
1 Now, in life's joy-ous morn-ing, Our voi-ces loud shall ring: Temptation's whispers

Cuo. Now, in life's joy-ous morn-ing, Our voi-ces loud shall ring: Temptation's whispers



scorn-ing, Of temp'rance we will sing. Though jew-el-like be-fore us May

scorn-ing, Of temp'rance we will sing,



flash de-ceil-ful wine: We'll shout-in joyous chorus, For us the drink Di-vine.

*D. C.*

2.

Oh! yes—untouched, untasted  
 By our young lips shall be  
 The draught by which is wasted  
 Life's bloom and purity;  
 From fountains God has given  
 Why turn to streams of night  
 And risk our hopes of Heaven,  
 While angels mourn the sight?  
 Cho. Oh! yes—untouched, untasted  
 By our young lips shall be  
 The draught by which is wasted  
 Life's bloom and purity.

3.

Forever, then—forever!  
 Pure water be our cry,  
 Till over Jordan's river  
 We pass triumphantly;  
 Then where the stream of glory  
 Through Eden's valleys flow,  
 We'll tell our Temp'rance story,  
 Of Heaven begun below.  
 Cho. Forever, then—forever!  
 Pure water be our cry,  
 Till over Jordan's river  
 We pass triumphantly.

WE'RE A BAND OF CHILDREN.—TUNE.—“*Old Granite State.*”

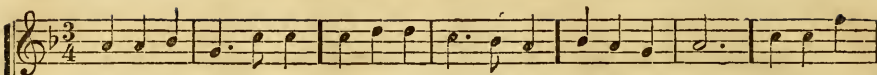
1. Our Band of Hope is coming,  
 Our Band of Hope is coming,  
 The girls and boys are coming,  
 With this their Temperance Pledge.  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 And we'll sound it through the land.

2. Hurrah for reformation,  
 By all in every station,  
 Throughout this wide creation,  
 Take our Temperance Pledge.  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 And we'll sound it through the land.

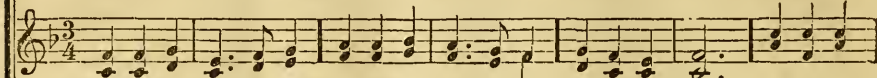
3. We will save our sisters, brothers,  
 And our fathers, sons, and mothers,  
 With our neighbors and all others,  
 By this—our Temperance Pledge.  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 And we'll sound it through the land.

4. May no evil e'er betide us,  
 To sever or divide us;  
 But God in mercy guide us,  
 With this—our Temperance Pledge.  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 We're a Band of Children;  
 And we'll sound it through the land.

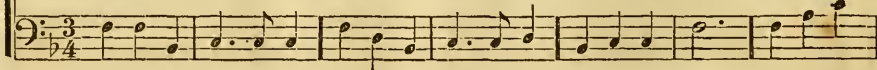
## THE PLEDGE. TUNE.—"America."



1. Come ye whose bo-soms swell, While we our sto - ries tell, Come take the pledge; Then health and  
 2. Brothers! why will ye die, From the de stroy - er fly. And take the pledge; Why should ye



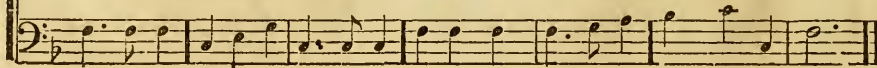
3. May he who reigns a - bove, Each friend and brother move, To take the pledge; Then hand in



hap - pi - ness, Your homes and hearts will bless, O, come with cheer - ful - ness, And take the pledge.  
 lon - ger be, Slaves to your en - e - my! O, 'tis no sla - ve - ry, To take the pledge.

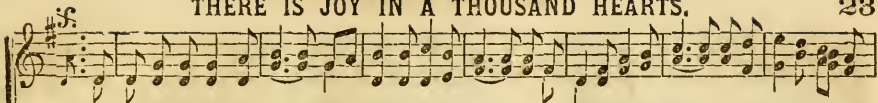


hand we'll go, Cheering each house of woe, Come then both high and low, Come, take the pledge.

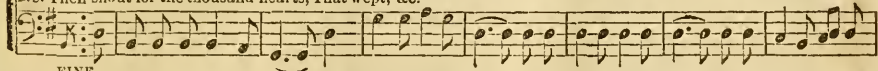


# THERE IS JOY IN A THOUSAND HEARTS.

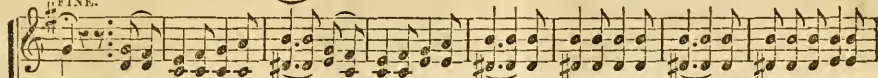
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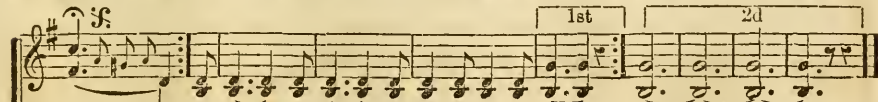
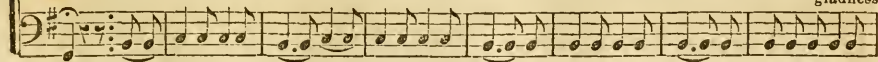
1 There is joy in a thousand hearts, That wept but yester eve, For the poison-fiend departs, And our friends no longer  
p.s. Then shout for the thousand hearts, That wept, &c.



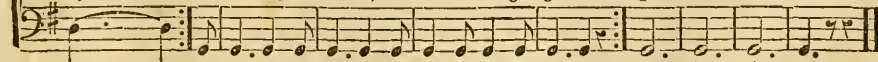
FINE.



grieve. The temp'rance pledge appears, The manual seal is set; The hearts that sighed in tears Will throb in their  
gladness



yet:..... Our friends, our friends, our friends no longer grieve; grieve:.....



2. The cup that we now cast by,  
By a demon's hand was given,  
It is stain'd by tear and sigh,  
Accurs'd by man and heav'n.  
Abroad, on land and sea  
Our joyful shout is borne,  
And our fearful enemy,  
Is withered by our scorn. Our friends, &c.

2. The bright Millenium's near,  
Which prophet lips foretold,  
Even now its dawn is here,  
Calm, beautiful, and bold.

Up, up in its morning ray,  
Lift, lift our banner high,  
Benev'lence guide the way,  
And temp'rance be our cry. Our friends, &c.

3. We war with a despot king,  
Usurping nature's throne,  
Down, down, the tyrant fling,  
Let none his sceptre own.

Then wreaths for the temp'rance brow,  
More bright than shine in glen,  
For the temp'rance maids bring now  
Their pledge to the temp'rance men. Our friends, &c.



## CRAMBAMBULI.

1 My drink shall be the flow-ing fountain, Transparent, sparkling, cool, and pure }  
It gush-es bright-ly from the mountain, For fevered heat and thirst a cure }

Ye madd'ning drinks begone from me, Wine, whisky, and crambambuli, Crambam, crambambuli, crambambuli.

2 I saw a sight most melancholy  
A drunkard in the public way ;  
His face was fire, his words were folly ;  
There, in his wretchedness he lay.  
Ye drinks of fools, begone from me,  
Gin, porter, and crambambuli.

3 Long as I live, the thought I'll cherish,  
If Heaven vouchsafe to keep me free,  
Strong drink is but the way to perish,  
Cold water is the drink for me.  
Ye murderous drinks, begone from me  
Beer, brandy, and crambambuli.

NOTE.—This odd title is derived from the famous *Crambambuli-Song*, of the German students, and is adapted to the same tune, which was deemed too good to be confined to words so convivial and absurd. Crambambuli is the name of a drink, too common in German universities, and prepared in an earthenware dish, by mixing rum sugar, and setting it on fire.

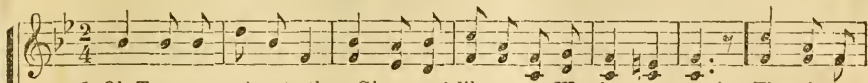


A complaint has been made that most of the Temperance Songs are based on the principle, that the drink has been abandoned and reform has followed. But these are all unsuited to children of the present time, who have never drank and never mean to; who praise the beautiful water and sing their determination to be always abstainers. To meet their case this second part is constructed. The Hymns and Songs, at our special request, have been made by that superior poet, Dr. JOHN ROSS DIX, of the Boston Washington Home; and the music, most of it original, has been prepared by Mr. E. J. DAY, of New York. We hope it will supply a great want in Bands of Hope and Juvenile Associations.

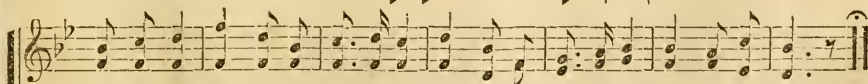
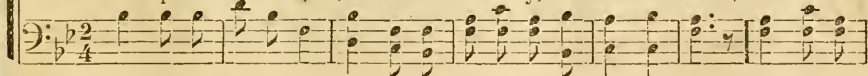
JOHN MARSH.

American Temperance Union, New York, 1863.

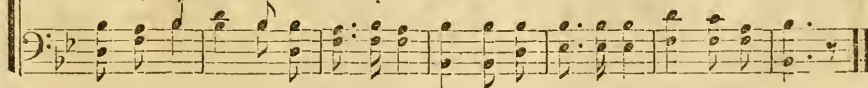
## OH TEMPERANCE! UNTO THEE.



1 Oh Temp'rance! unto thee, Giv-er of lib-er-ty, We chant our strain: Thy glorious  
 2 Hope's Band, we forward press To save from drunkenness Each brother, friend—May we on  
 3 God speed our holy cause, Speed Prohibition Laws—A righteous ban That none shall  
 4 Oh Temp'rance! unto thee, Guardian of Liberty, We chant our strain, While million

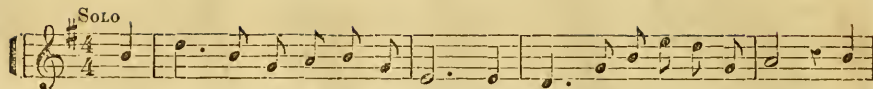


cause we plead, While million victims bleed; O, be drink's captive freed, From his dark chain  
 all prevail, The powers of drink t' assail; And clad in Temperance mail Themselves defend.  
 sell for gain The cause of endless pain, By man, no more be slain, His fellow man.  
 victims bleed, Thy Heavenly cause we plead. Make all men "free indeed" From error's chain.

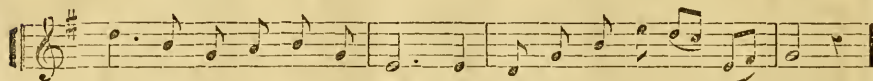


## THE FIRST GLASS.

Solo



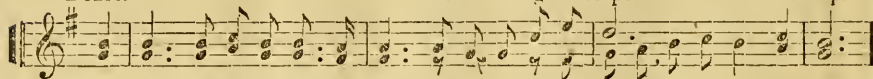
1 Oh! tell me not of sparkling wine, A pur-er, sweeter draught be mine, The



crys - tal spring shall solace me ; The Temp'rance pledge my shield shall be.

DUETT.

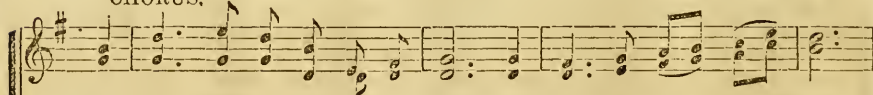
And no first glass of poi - - son sip.



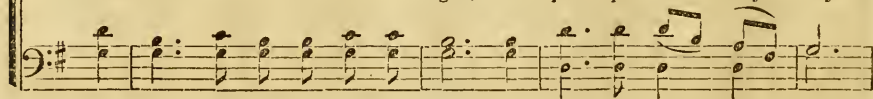
Un-stain'd I'll keep my youthful lip,

And no first glass of poison sip.

CHORUS,



Then shall I end as I be - gan, In peace pur - sue my way,





And be a faith-ful Temp'rance man, Un - til my dy - ing day.

2 The Bible says that drunkards ne'er  
The bliss of paradise shall share :  
That wine's a mocker, and at last  
Will bind its wretched victim's fast :  
Then let me, in life's morning say—  
Shun the first glass that would betray.  
Cho. Then shall I, &c.

3 The one first step that leads astray,  
Is often in a flowery way,  
And oft the drunkard's progress shows  
Sin's growth and its reward of woes ;  
To save from Habit's glass accursed,  
In childhood we will shun the first.  
Cho. Then shall I, &c.

THE STREAM. *Tune, SHINING SHORE.*

1.

Pure water's gliding sweetly by  
To cheer each passing stranger :  
Then why should we to fountains fly,  
Whose streams are fraught with danger ?  
Oh ! no, we'll stand, a youthful band,  
Beside Hope's shining river,  
And this shall be our melody,  
Cold water, now and ever.

2.

'Tis Temp'rance tints the youthful cheek  
With hues of health's bestowing ;  
But all the streams which drunkards seek,

Swift, toward the grave are flowing.  
Oh ! no, well stand, &c.

3.

From hill and vale, from mountain side,  
See crystal waters springing ;  
And "drink from me," to childish ears,  
Each little brook is singing.  
Oh ! no, we'll stand, &c,

4.

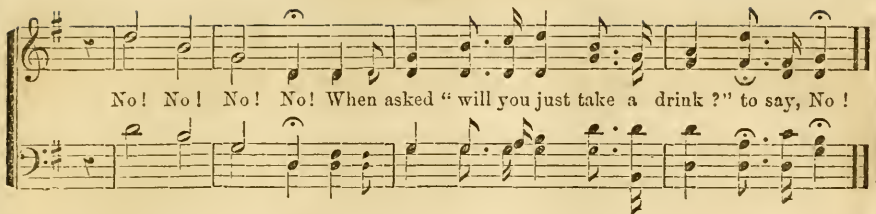
Oh, yes, the wine-cup we will leave  
Forever quite untasted ;  
And then we shall not have to mourn,  
In age, "youth's spring time" wasted.  
Oh ! no, we'll stand, &c.

*Bold, with decision.*

1 There's a ve - ry small word, But some folks are so weak That they find it a

ter - ri - ble hard one to speak : Tho' one syl - la - ble on - ly at

times men are slow, When asked, "Will you just take a drink?" to say, No!



2.

There is many a Drunkard who reels through the street,  
 We can scarce walk at all but such victims we meet;  
 Who would never have looked such a picture of woe,  
 If when first asked to drink, he had boldly said, "No!"

3.

Some say No! so faintly, we cannot but guess  
 That N, O, in their case means Y, E, S, yes,  
 If we'd live sober lives we decision should show,  
 And reply in firm tones, unmistakeably, "No!"

4.

Oh! how much it would save both in money and fame,  
 How often 't would keep from remorse and from shame;  
 If we checked at the first, liquors stream in its flow,  
 And turned it by saying indignantly—"No!"

5.

Then lasses and lads, heed the word though so small,  
 When invited to drink, you'll be safe from its thrall,  
 And onward in health and prosperity go,  
 Protected and saved by the syllable, "No!"

30 From the "Golden Chain." **THE BIRD'S SONG.** WM. B. BRADBURY. *By permission.*  
 QUICK. *May be sung as a Solo or Semi-Chorus.*

1. I asked a sweet rob - in, one morn - ing in May, Who sung in the ap - ple tree  
 2. "Tee - to - tall! oh! that's the first word of my lay, And then, don't you see how I

o - ver the way, What 'twas she was sing - ing so sweet - ly a - bout; For I'd tried a long  
 rat - tled a - way? I just have been dip - ping my beak in the spring, And brush - ing the

**CHORUS.**

time, but I could not find out; "Why, I'm sure," she re - plied, "you can - not guess  
 face of the lake with my wing; Cold .... wa - ter! cold wa - ter! yes, that is my



# THE BIRD'S SONG. CONCLUDED.

31

*Girls.* *Boys.*

wrong, Don't you know I am sing-ing a tem-per-ance song? Cold wa-ter! cold  
song, And I love to keep sing-ing it all the day long. Cold wa-ter! cold

*Girls.* *Boys.* *All.*

wa-ter! cold wa-ter! cold wa-ter! Don't you know I am sing-ing a cold wa-ter song.  
All the birds to the cold wa-ter ar-my be-long.

3.

"And now sweet Miss, wont you give me a crumb  
For the dear little nestlings remaining at home;  
And one thing beside since my story you've heard—  
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,  
And never forget, while you list to my song,  
All the birds to the cold water army belong."  
Cold water! &c.

## THE TEMPERANCE HOME.

1 'Mid wealth and 'mid luxu - ry, tho' we may roam. There's no place so sweet as a

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

tem-pe-rance home. Where the drink that destroys has no place on the board, And li-

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

ba - tions of on - ly cold wa - ter are poured, Home, home, sweet, fair

The chorus section begins with the word 'CHORUS.' above the treble staff. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



- 2 Oh! sweet 'tis to list in the morning to prayer  
From the lips of a Father, who offers it there :  
And dear, too, at evening, when labor is o'er,  
To join in a temperance circle once more.  
Chor. Home, &c.
- 3 No curses are heard, to disturb and distress,  
But the accents of love, that soothe, soften and bless,  
Enough and to spare for the needy is found,  
And the music of thankfulness echoes around.  
Chor. Home, &c.
- 4 How different the homes, where, 'mid terror and strife  
The children are ragged, heart-broken the wife ;  
Where the steps of the father make families shrink,  
And the cry is unceasing for soul-killing drink.  
Chor. Home, &c.
- 5 But Temperance may change to a dwelling of mirth,  
This scene of *destruction*—this *tophet on earth* :  
And Peace again come, from it never to roam,  
To bless and to gladden a Temperance Home.  
Chor. Home, &c.

## THE BATTLE SONG.

Arranged by E. J. D.

1 An ar - my of ab - stainers, We seek to stem the tide Of

The first system of musical notation for 'The Battle Song'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time and with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1 An ar - my of ab - stainers, We seek to stem the tide Of' are written below the treble staff.

drunk-en-ness which ri - ses, And flows on ev - ery side, The pledge we'll gladly

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'drunk-en-ness which ri - ses, And flows on ev - ery side, The pledge we'll gladly' are written below the treble staff. A repeat sign with a double bar line and a colon is placed at the end of the system.

of - fer. Yes, the pledge we'll gladly of - fer To the tempt-ed and the tried.

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics 'of - fer. Yes, the pledge we'll gladly of - fer To the tempt-ed and the tried.' are written below the treble staff. A 'FINE' marking is placed above the final note of the treble staff.

I am glad I'm in this ar-my, In the Cold - Wa-ter

ar-my. Yes—I'm glad I'm in this ar-my, And for Tem-pe-rance I'll fight.

2 We'll wage a ceaseless warfare  
 'Gainst Brandy, Beer, and Gin,  
 With words of kindness pleading  
 The victory we shall win,  
 We'll raise our sinking brother,  
 Yes, we'll save each falling brother  
 From sorrow and from sin.  
 Cho. I am glad, &c.

3 And when this conflict's over,  
 Some Drunkard, saved shall stand,  
 Of Temperance a lover,  
 Saved by our "Hopeful Band."  
 Still, on we'll march in gladness,  
 And rescuing more from sadness,  
 Fulfil our mission grand.  
 Cho. I am glad, &c.

## WE COME, WE COME.

*Marching time.*

1 We come, we come, we are march-ing a - long, A cold wa - ter ar - my with  
2 Tho' we are lit - tle, des-pise not our might, Stain-less from drink, we are

ban-ner and song, We're travelling gladly to has-ten the fall, Of man's greatest en-e-my,  
strong for the fight : Round our young souls we no shackles have thrown, But the life-giving power of cold

King Al - co-hol. From the sparkling bowl we ne'er have drank, Ne'er in the mire of in -  
water we own. And as thro' Time right onward shall haste, Drink's cup we will ne'er touch,



tem - pe - rance sank, Lo, we're march - ing a - long both heal - thy and strong, Keeping  
han - dle, nor taste, No - till death this shall be our watch - word and song, We are

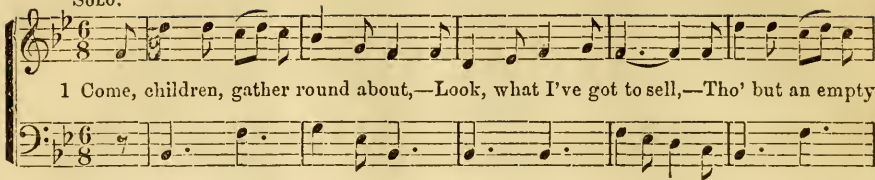
CHORUS

time to the tramp of our feet with their song, We nev - er have quaffed, The  
all born Tee - to - tal - ers, march - ing a - long, We nev - er have quaffed The

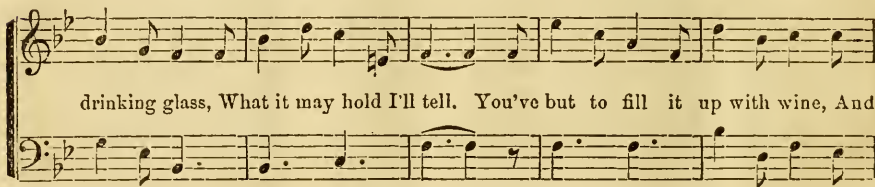
pois - onous draught, We're all born Tee - to - tal - ers march - ing a - long.  
soul - killing draught, We're all born Tee - to - tal - ers, march - ing a - long.

## THE AUCTIONEER.

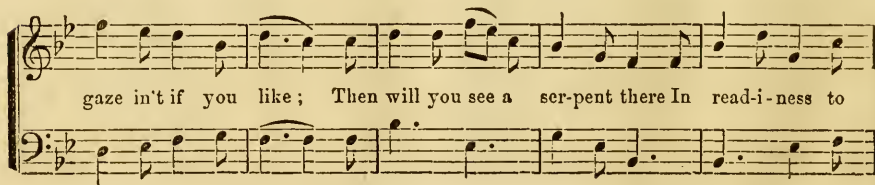
SOLO.



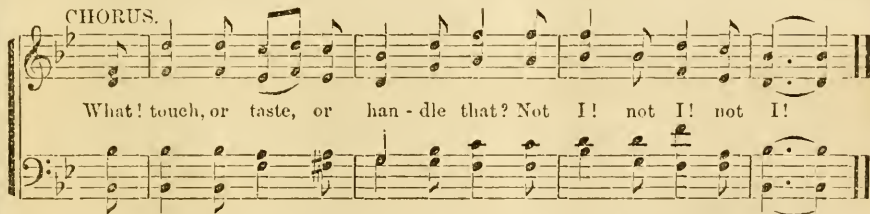
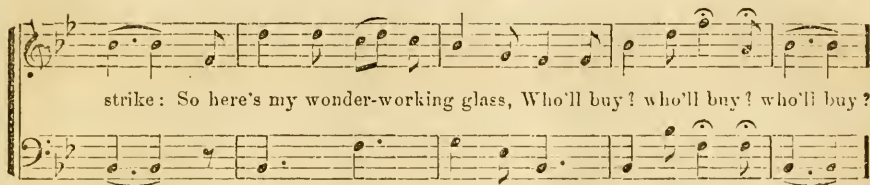
1 Come, children, gather round about,—Look, what I've got to sell,—Tho' but an empty



drinking glass, What it may hold I'll tell. You've but to fill it up with wine, And



gaze in't if you like ; Then will you see a ser-pent there In read-i-ness to



- 2 Within this goblets magic rim  
 You through the wine may trace  
 The fair enchanting lineaments  
 Of pleasures beaming face:  
 Just take a sip and through your veins  
 The joyous blood shall flow;  
 Grim visaged care shall fly away,  
 And heaven begin below;  
 Come children only take a sip,  
 This magic crystal try—  
 Cho. What! put a serpent to our lip?  
 Not I—not I—not I!

- 3 Take—take away your hated glass,  
 Within its depths we see  
 Friends all estrang'd, wealth, health enchang'd  
 For sickness, poverty.  
 The widow's moan, the orphan's groan  
 The mother's broken heart;  
 The victims of the suicide  
 Before our vision start;  
 You ask us, "will we take drink's cup,"  
 And boldly we reply,  
 Cho. Each one of us, with heart and voice,  
 Not I—not I—not I!

## CHEERILY, CHEERILY.

By Mrs. S. WARDWELL.

FINE

1 Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, sound the joyful strain; Happily, happily, now we meet again.  
2 Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, sound the joyful strain; Happily, happily, now we meet again.

Here we stand, here we stand, On this cheerful temp'rance day, Gracious God to thee we pray,  
We are here, we are here, We who love the temp'rance cause, We who wish for righteous laws,

*D. C.*

3.  
Cheerily, cheerily, sound the joyful strain;  
Happily, happily, now we meet again;  
Here we raise  
Songs of praise, to God who sends  
Blessings on our temperance friends,  
On Him all our hope depends,  
For success in the cause.

# BEAUTIFUL WATER.

41

Solo.

1 { Beau-ti-ful wa - ter, flashing and free ! Flowing from mountain-sides down to the sea ;  
Threading the fields where the golden corn glows ; Gleaming in meadows where cattle re - pose ;

Duet.

Swelling the riv-ers which haste to the main ; And sail-ing in clouds to shower bless-ings a - gain.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful wa - ter ! God-given ! free ! Sparkling and pure, is the drink for me.

2 Beautiful water ! bright in the bow,  
Arch-ing with glory to the landscape below !  
Fantic or wild in the Water-King's realm ;  
Raging and roaring where cataracts o'erwhelm ;  
Soft as a dove-plume in feather-like snows ;  
Gem-like in dew-drops that spangle the rose !  
Beautiful water, &c.

3 Beautiful water ! healthful and pure,  
I'll drink but of thee, long as life shall endure !  
Far from my lip be the cup that destroys,  
Near the cool draught that enhances our joys :  
Be Temprance my pole-star while voyaging on,  
And Sobriety ever the theme of my song !  
Beautiful water, &c.

1st

{ 1 Some love to drink from the foamy brink, Where the wine drop's dance they see ;  
But the wa - ter bright in its sil - ver light, And a crys - tal..... }

D.C. Yes, 'tis wa - ter, bright in its sil - ver light, And a crys - tal .....

2nd

D.C.

cup for me, Oh, wa - ter, bright wa - ter, pure, pre-cious, free !

cup for me.

2.

3.

Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring, As pure as heaven, is the water given;  
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow : 'Tis forever fresh and new;  
There is health in the tide, and there's mu- Distilled from the sky, it comes from on  
sic beside, high,  
In the brooklets bounding flow. In the shower and the gentle dew.  
Oh, water, &c. Oh, water, &c.



# THE REFUSAL.

43

1 Oh! no, I never tasted it, To touch it would be wrong, I mean to be a sober man, And  
But all the boys and girls enlist To

grow up stout and strong, A soldier in the "band of hope," No traitor must I be.  
join the ranks with me,

2.

Think what 'twill be in after years,  
To say with honest pride,  
That we ne'er launched our youthful barks  
On Drink's destroying tide!  
But patiently upon its banks  
We stood to snatch from woe,  
Poor victims who were sweeping on  
Toward the gulf below.

3.

Thank God! our lips have never pressed  
The rim of miseries glass,  
And aught that may intoxicate  
These lips shall never pass:  
Cold water pure, cold water free;  
Is all that man requires.  
Then why, with dreams, anticipate  
The drunkard's quenchless fires.

# THE FAIRY WELL.

1 O, have you not heard in the nar-se - ry, The sto - ry which gossipers tell, Of

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Fairy Well'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1 O, have you not heard in the nar-se - ry, The sto - ry which gossipers tell, Of' are written below the treble staff.

two young pil-grims who came one morn To drink from a fai - ry well? I'll  
draught ye take shall be wa - ter pure, Or ro - sy and ra - dant wine.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'two young pil-grims who came one morn To drink from a fai - ry well? I'll draught ye take shall be wa - ter pure, Or ro - sy and ra - dant wine.' are written below the treble staff. The word 'FINE' is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

grant ye a boon, the Fai-ry said, So, just as your tastes in - cline, The

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'grant ye a boon, the Fai-ry said, So, just as your tastes in - cline, The' are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line. The letters 'D.C.:8.' are written above the final measure of the treble staff.

2.

"A draught from the crystal spring for me,"  
 Quoth one, and he drank it up ;  
 "A goblet of wine, my choice shall be,"  
 Laughed the other and drained his cup.  
 Both went their ways, but at evening gray,  
 Once more to the well they came,  
 One, fair and bright, as he went away ;  
 One, drooping with grief and shame.

3.

'Twill ever be thus as through life we go,  
 Cold water will cheer and save,  
 But wine will lead us down below  
 To Death and a drunkard's grave ;  
*One* is sent by God to revive and bless,  
 And freely for all it flows ;  
*The other* leaves misery, crime, distress,  
 And shame, wherever it goes.

✿ LET THE STILL AIR REJOICE. TONE.—*America.*

1.

Let the still air rejoice,  
 Be every youthful voice  
 Blended in one,  
 While we renew our strain  
 To Him with joy again  
 Who sends the evening rain  
 And morning sun.

2.

His hand in beauty gives  
 Each flower and plant that lives,  
 Each sunny rill ;  
 Springs which our footsteps meet,

Fountains, our lips to greet,  
 Waters, whose taste is sweet,  
 On rock and hill.

3.

So let each thoughtful child  
 Drink of this fountain mild  
 From early youth ;  
 Then shall the song we raise  
 Be heard in future days,  
 Ours be the pleasant ways  
 Of peace and truth.

**Solo.** **CHORUS.**

1 A - rise ! a-rise while yet ye may. Up and be do - ing. }  
 Thousands are hurrying on the way To end-less ru - in. { Ufurl our banners, lift them high, Man

and his free - dom, be our cry, For Temperance and vic - to - ry, Up and be do - ing.

- 1 Awake ! arise ! for alcohol  
 Its work is doing :  
 Oh, comrades onward, one and all,  
 Man's foe pursuing.  
 Our Band of Hope shall thin his ranks,  
 We'll force his centre, turn his flanks,  
 Cheered on by wives and children's thanks  
 For what we're doing.
- 3 Up and be doing—yet there's time  
 To save from ruin,  
 To shield from woe, and want, and crime,  
 We must be doing.

- Our faith is strong, our cause is just,  
 In God and temp'rance is our trust,  
 We will not let our armor rust ;  
 Up and be doing.
- 4 Up and be doing while 'tis day  
 And we are viewing  
 The enemy his millions slay.  
 Up and be doing.  
 Lord, let the period quickly come  
 When man no more the slave of rum,  
 Shall stand in our millenium,  
 Redeemed from ruin.

# WINE AND WATER.

47

*S:*

1 Let oth - ers twine for the God of wine, A gar-land and chant his prais - es, We'll  
turn a - side from the dead - ly tide To drink of the clear cold wa - ter, Will

*Fine.*

pre - ans sing to the gush - ing spring, Which its sil - ve - ry col - umn rais - es.  
turn a - side from the dead - ly tide To drink of the clear cold wa - ter.

*S: D. C.*

Gin, Bran dy, Rum, may be loved by some, But each Temp'rance son and daugh-ter, Will

2 Who in youth abstain shall feel no chain  
Of appetite fast enslaving ;  
But the fiery flood in the drunkard's blood  
Shall curse with perpetual craving.

Then we'll not twine for the God of wine,  
A garland, or chant his praises.  
But preans sing to the gushing spring  
Which its silvery column raises,

*With animation.*

1 Children come, while onward pressing, Sing cheerily. Thanks for bounteous nature's blessing  
2 Where the rainbow arch is gleaming, Fair 'tis to see; Where the mountain rills are streaming

To you and me,— No money is required to buy ;— Enough to cheer and satisfy. The  
So pleasantly ; Where lakes in placid beauty lie ;— Where fleecy clouds go sailing by ; Where

3 Not from earth, nor sky, nor ocean,  
All, all may see,  
Comes the drunkard's fatal potion ;  
Far, far from me  
Shall be the drink that hurts the soul !  
And I'll not touch the costly bowl,  
While brooks shall run and rivers roll ;  
Water is free. Not from earth, &c.

clouds distil, the springs supply. Wa - ter is free.  
ocean rolls,—we hear the cry, Wa - ter is free.

4 Come then, children, join in singing  
Most heartily,  
Thanks for crystal water springing  
For you and me.  
O, may our lives be like its flow,  
So pure and clear while here below,  
Towards the living streams we go,  
Water is free. Come then, &c.



# STAY, BROTHER, STAY.

TUNE— "Homeward Bound."



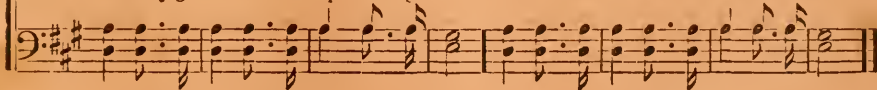
{ 1 Stay, brother, stay! whither go - ing so fast? Dan - ger is there! danger's there! }  
Ru - in, which rides on the mer - ci - less blast, Sweeps not so bare, not so bare }

n c Death and de - struc - tion to life is their trade, O, then, beware, O be - ware.



D. C.

Poisons they give, which corrupt and degrade, Pitfalls and snares for the drunkard are laid ;



2.

3.

Thousands you've heard of with once happy  
homes ;

Where are they now ? are they now ?  
Millions you've heard of who rushed to the  
Weep, thinking how, thinking how (tombs ;  
Think of the fathers the foe has beguiled,  
Think of the heart-broken mother and child,  
Think of the homes made distracted and wild .

Then take the vow, take the vow

Touch not the cup, then, as long as you live ;  
Safety is there ! safety's there !  
Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temp'rance can  
give ;

Make her your care, her your care.  
Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,  
Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,  
To happiness, pure friendship, and fame,  
Come, Brother dear, Brother dear

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